

The most lamentable Tragedie

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these dririe dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanced in Rome?

Titus. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lavinia with others.*

Satur. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.

Bassi. And you of yours my Lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Satur. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassia. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am posselt of that is mine.

Satur. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs,
But if we liue weele be as sharpe with you.

Bassian. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To

of *Titus Andronicus*

To be controuled in that he frankly gaue,
Receau him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my deedes,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without revenge?

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I should be Author to dishonour you.

But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocencie in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle heart.

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone
He finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytrous sonnes,
To whome I sued for my deere sonnes life.

C.

And